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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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In the Twilight.

I am sitting alone in my silent room,
This long, cold winter night,
Watching the fire flame fill the gloom
With many a picture bright.

Ah! how the fire can paint;
Its magic skill how strange;
How every spark on the canvas dark
Draws figures and forms so quaint!
And how the pictures change,
One moment how they smile!
And in less than the twinkling of an eye;
Or like the gleam of a summer sky,
The beaming smiles all die.

And thus with visions only
And the fancies they unweave,
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas eve.

The Present bears its graces,
But, Past, could I go back to thee
And still keep the dear, dream faces,
My life would most happy be!

And yet if this gift were given,
And life were always sun,
And old ties were never riven,
Could we say Thy will be done?

RALPH C. PALMER, '94.

The Existence of Another Life.

Is the soul immortal? Does human life end with the grave, or is there beyond the tomb another life which the soul of man shall live separated from the body? These are questions the answer to which is the most important point in all philosophy. For those who believe in the words of Divine revelation, or in the traditions of mankind, handed down from the

earliest ages, the future existence of the soul requires no demonstration. The fact that God, in creating man, gave him a spirit made after His own image and likeness is evidence amply sufficient to convince a Christian that this spirit, like its Maker, is incorruptible.

Notwithstanding the evidence derived from observation and human reason itself, and regardless of the divine word which came from Christ Himself, the existence of a future life has ever been called in question by some misled philosophers or false scientists. Some have denied the soul's immortality directly, others have indirectly asserted the same belief, while some seem to have upheld a doctrine of practical indifference. The Agnostic declares this question cannot be satisfactorily answered "because it is something above the sphere of such facts as science verifies." The Pantheist, while admitting that the soul survives the body, asserts that "it is absorbed into the divine universality, as a drop of water in the ocean, or transmitted according to the law of an indefinite progress." The materialist directly answers: "No, the soul does not survive the body, because man is composed of a combination of molecules or chemical elements which return to a common centre of nature, and the soul is a part of this combination."

Now, in order to refute this materialistic doctrine, which is at the present day so popular among a certain class of scientists, let us distinguish in the soul between substance and the person. By *substance* is meant that which is the principle of life considered independently of intelligence. By *person* is understood the same principle, endowed with reason; consequently intelligent, free and conscious of its own acts. To demonstrate for the materialist, then, the existence of the soul, after separation from the body, it must be shown that the soul

is not composed of material elements like the body, but, on the contrary, that the soul is an immaterial substance, and as such does not depend on the body, but may live, and will live, after the death of the body. Since our knowledge of mind and matter is only relative, the substance in either case cannot be determined. By comparing the qualities of the one with the other we know there is a difference, because the mind is the seat or subject of certain phenomena which are entirely distinct from the class of attributes or qualities that adhere in matter.

Matter is essentially complex and divisible; the smallest particle of it, divide it as often as you will, has still an upper and an under side. It can always be measured, possesses a certain form, and is endowed with color. The attributes of the mind, or those qualities which go to make up the spiritual nature of man, possess no such qualities as extension, color and form. Thought is not a combination of molecules or atoms, like those which compose the body. Thoughts, or reflections, do not have dimensions, and are not bound by the laws of time or space like the atom. Neither do they reside altogether in the brain; for from facts that have transpired, when persons in an instant seemed to recollect their entire past life and thoughts which no mere brain could hold, there is reason to believe that no mature thought utterly perishes except with existence itself. From this, therefore, it is evident that man is endowed with an immaterial substance in no way dependent on the laws which govern matter.

Even if we grant the indivisibility of the atom it does not explain a single one of the peculiar properties of the mind. We can freely fix our thoughts on things absent and far distant. But this is inexplicable by the laws of matter, which determine the power at such a distance and makes it the same for all directions. No atom, and no number or configuration of atoms, can explain the retention or recollection of thoughts by the mind; nor can they explain the mystery of memory in which, besides the reproduction of a thought, is given the former time of the thought, as though the moment itself re-existed in the mind. Nor can they explain the power of fancy, the conception of things unreal with the knowledge that they are unreal. Moreover, atoms which compose the body are ever changing and lost. They are bound by the laws of their being which they never think of disobeying. In fact, all matter is subject to the laws of time and space which the mind may observe or, as it please, not observe.

From these facts of observation and experience

the only inference to be drawn is that man is a complex being. To the body, which is composed of a material substance, is added a principle of life, or a thinking power, which we call the soul, but which is in no way a property of matter. The vital principle which animates the body is an immaterial substance working upon, with and through the bodily organs, yet having its own proper and distinct being.

If, then, the soul is a spiritual substance; does it survive the body; or can it exist separated from the bodily organs? Facts obtained from everyday experience, as well as arguments deduced from human reason, all seem to favor a future life. All nations in every age, as far back as history records, have always believed in the immortality of the soul; no faith was stronger among the pagan nations of antiquity. Vivid descriptions of the world beyond the grave exist in the writings of many Greek and Roman poets. Eloquent dissertations on the same subject are still extant in works of pagan philosophers. In fact, history testifies that wherever the idea of God exists, there also can be found the hope of immortality. The most savage people, the most uncivilized nations on the globe, are instinctively influenced by the idea of a future life. Judging, then, from this universal idea, which seems to be impressed on the minds and instilled into the hearts of all men, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that this universal belief implies the real presence in every human heart of a mysterious and divine voice, declaring that death for man is not the end, but is, as it were, the dawn of another and everlasting life.

In addition to this argument presented by the universal consent of mankind, there exists a still more forcible reason why man, as a moral being, should retain his personality forever. In the first place, experience, as well as the investigations of science, tell us there is a wonderful order existing in the universe. Everything created seems to be bound by an unchangeable law, and all things created seem to follow the course to which they were destined by their Creator. For man alone the present life seems in manifest disproportion with the conditions of his nature. The instincts of lower animals are exactly accommodated to their wants and to the state in which nature has placed them. They are not troubled with any desires that they cannot satisfy, or with any fears that extend beyond the safety of their possessions for the moment. But man is restless, curious and impatient; his conceptions are vague and vast; his ambition unbounded, and his curiosity most eager. His

desire of knowledge is insatiable. We aspire to know the history not only of the earlier generations of our own race, but of the mutations which the solid globe underwent in those geological ages, the remoteness of which can hardly be represented by figures, while to our aching conceptions they seem to lie upon the confines of eternity.

Not content with the ability to predict the motions and future positions of the heavenly bodies, we torment ourselves with unanswerable questions as to the beings who inhabit them, or the purpose which they serve in the grand scheme of the universe. The mind returns from these sublime and far-reaching inquiries to find itself tied to a body which is limited in comparison to a speck of earth and a moment of duration. The wants of this body afflict it with a multitude of cares, and the ordinary business of life, referring chiefly to these wants, seems vexatious and contemptible. So vast are these disproportions that they cannot be reconciled with the notions we have formed of the attributes of God, the Creator of the universe, except by regarding it as an intimation of a future and a higher state of existence in which this curiosity and these aspirations shall be fully satisfied.

Moreover, we cannot conceive of a God as instilling most noble desires that are to remain unfed and prey upon the soul to consume it. For all lawless and morbid cravings man is responsible; but the aspiration after virtue and holiness is God's foster-child which He cannot leave to perish. If, then, God is just, if He is faithful and true—which He must be—He will not frustrate the hopes which He has inspired.

Does, then, the soul perish with the body? No; because no natural force is able to destroy it; to maintain that, after God has made the soul to be immortal, would be absurd. Besides, in itself the soul is not corruptible; for it is not composed of parts or elements which, being separated, would undergo various transformations. The body may, and does, undergo its various changes; but that simple, indivisible, animating principle enclosed within ever remains unchanged, ever the same; and when released from its earthly prison flies away to enter into a life everlasting.

D. B.

THOSE who are in the habit of pattering, distinguishing and concealing, and putting forward the edge of a truth, instead of showing boldly the full face of it, are at last led into an insincerity so habitual that they really do not know whether they speak the truth or not.

[Inscribed to A. H. Thayer.]

To the Critic.

Dear critic, when you want to sing
Of prentice hands that try the sonnet,
Why do you in the sonnet fling
Your censure? Take my word upon it,
Your sneering loses half its sting,
Because you put it in a "sonnet(?)"
For you—to practise what you preach—
Should know 'tis far beyond your reach.

J. R.

The Precursor of Dante.

BY J. J. M'GRATH, '92.

When we look about us and behold the many grand and lofty testimonials of a nation's respect for her honored dead; when, deeply carved in those masses of rock, we find the record of their many valiant deeds in defence of home and country—moved by an irresistible feeling of national pride, we instinctively pronounce such men great. If a national hero be so deserving of this appellation, what may we call a man who, throwing aside all earthly ambition, buckles on the breast-plate of poverty, and, armed with the divine virtues of charity and chastity, goes bravely forth to battle with man's most dangerous enemy. And no matter in what form the monster presents himself, he is ever met with an ardor, enthusiasm and confidence compared with which the conquests of a Cæsar would sink into insignificance. The national hero fights in defence of his own glory, the other battles in defence of heaven and for the honor of God; and so far as heaven is above earth, so far do these two men differ in degree of greatness.

Before entering upon our subject proper, let us take a glance at Italy in the thirteenth century. The student of history knows in what condition the dawn of this era found Italy. Freed from the burdensome yoke of tyrannical Germany, her liberty, instead of bettering her condition, almost proved her ruin. City warred against city, prince against prince. Religion was almost lost sight of in the mad rush for wealth and passion for gain. It was at this stage that Divine Providence interposed, and, as an instrument to effect its end, chose the richest, handsomest and gayest reveller of all the Corti, Francis Bernardone of Assisi.

As this paper has to deal more with the

influence of our Saint upon his time, rather than with the man, we will pass over his eventless boyhood, and introduce him as the gallant youth of the thirteenth century. He was not, however, destined long to remain such a figure; for on recovering from a long and serious illness, which had brought him to the verge of the grave, the will of Heaven was first made known to him. He misinterpreted this first call, and shortly after, having entirely recovered his health and strength, he enlisted with a band of cavaliers to engage in one of the petty quarrels then so numerous in the land. While *en route* with this expedition, Francis, having lain down to catch a wink of sleep after his long day's march, was favored with a second visitation in which he was notified of his misinterpretation, and told to return home. In obedience to this command, as soon as morning dawned he set out upon his return trip, fully expecting an unpleasant greeting for this seeming cowardice in thus deserting the expedition. Contrary to his every expectation, his return was hailed with joy by all his old associates; for without the gay Cecco to lead them in their Cortian pranks and revels life seemed a burden to the youth of Assisi.

Although Francis upon his return did not at once cease his life of pleasure, it was plainly evident that a great change had come over him. Where formerly he was ever smiling and merry he was often grave and thoughtful; those things which once seemed a part of his very existence oftentimes became very distasteful to him. This change in his demeanor puzzled his companions, and elicited from them expressions of wonder. At length, attributing it to some trifling love affair, they contented themselves with occasionally teasing him about his lady love, and patiently waited for the fever to wear off. Little did they realize the vast importance of that change; and when, in the old chapel of St. Damian, he received, from the brazen lips of the crucifix, his final commission and began to put it into practice, so great was their consternation that they thought surely he must be mad, and many were the expressions of pity and regret; many, too, the jeers and insults. Unmindful of the scorn and contempt unjustly heaped upon him, his thoughts flew to the Lord and Master to whom he had devoted his life, and from whom his pure and noble soul received strength and encouragement. Day after day could he be found on the streets of his native city, clad in the humble garb of the poorest laborer, begging stones wherewith to rebuild some crumbling shrine; or seeking bread that

his poor might eat. What more powerful example of Heaven's might!

After his poverty and renowned charity, perhaps the most important feature in the character of St. Francis was his love of nature. He loved nature with all the strength of his pure soul, because everywhere he saw manifested God's infinite love for His creatures. It is to this insatiable passion that is attributed that almost superhuman influence which he exerted over Christian art and literature, and which has been traced back to the vale of Umbria to "the nest whence the eagles of Christian poetry were destined to take flight—Dante, Petrarch and Tasso." The names of these men alone would be sufficient to estimate our debt to this great man; but they are but three from among thousands. He, as it were, so closely welded the links of religion and art that even to the present day they remain inseparably connected and

"Art is true art when art to God is true."

To better illustrate the power of this influence, let us hear the evidence of a noted Protestant.* He says:

"Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis, the poor, self-denying wanderer over the face of the earth, who hardly owned the cord which girt him, who possessed not a breviary of his own, who worshipped in the barren mountains, whose companions were the outcasts of society—Assisi becomes the capital, the young, gorgeous capital of Christian art."

In another place in the same work he goes on to tell us how all the young men of the country who had the least artistic talent seemed to become willing victims to this irresistible influence. They gladly renounced all ambition, and donned the poor garb of a Franciscan, that thus they might profit by the inspirations of our Saint.

Among the great artists, whose works plainly portray evidence of Franciscan influence, the most prominent are Guinta, who painted the first portrait of the Saint, and whose works are in the Church of the Angioli and the chapel at Pisa; Cimabue and Giotto to whom is credited the completion of work left unfinished by Guinta; Oderisio da Gubbio, a student and fellow-workman of Giotto's, and Fra Angelico. As to the source of Fra Angelico's inspiration, there is considerable difference of opinion; we know, however, that he was a close student and an ardent admirer of Giotto; and, knowing the source of Giotto's inspiration, together with the evidence offered in the "The Angels" of Fra Angelico, we may rightly conclude that his crown belongs on the tomb of St. Francis.

* Millman, Latin Christianity.

To form a true idea of the literary worth of St. Francis, one could not do better than read "Les Poetes Franciscains," by the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Ozanam is, undoubtedly, the best authority on this subject; for while journeying through Italy he made it his special occupation to study all about the man he so honored both as a saint and a poet.

Until the thirteenth century, Italian was but the language of the lower classes, Latin being the recognized tongue of the nobility. It remained for St. Francis to remedy this, and save the language of his country. This he did when he gave to her that incomparable canticle, "Our Brother, My Lord, the Sun," which marks a new era in Italian literature, and which became the national favorite:

"It resounded far and wide, from dawn to sundown, through the valleys of Umbria. Women sang it over their household work; children lisped it at their play; old men murmured it at their cottage-doors until the sweet strophes rose and fell through the sunny woods and vineyards, unceasing and spontaneous, like the chirpings of our brothers, the little birds."

A great part of St. Francis' literary success is attributed to a celebrated troubadour whose real name has not come down to us, but who passed among the people as "king of poets"; who, it is said, taught the Saint to put into rhyme the hymns he uttered in his wanderings. The highest praise we could give our Saint for his literary merit would be to say that if it were sufficient to be immortalized by such a genius as Dante,* and it has been, it is far above the criticism of most men.

When Providence made known to him that his mission was about over, and that shortly he would be released from this world of sorrows, Francis called together his faithful followers, and spent his last days instructing them as to future action; and in conformity with that humility and poverty which had ever marked his career as a religious, he asked to be buried on the "Hill of Hell"—a place where public criminals were executed—and, with a prayer on his lips for his enemies, he breathed his spirit into the hands of its Maker.

Now that he was dead, those who had honored and loved him as a leader, or scorned and reviled him as a beggar, came flocking to his tomb to revere him as a saint; and that once unholy hillside became the fountain whence

"Many rivulets have since been turned
Over the garden Catholic to lead
Their living waters, and have fed its plant."

Sir Walter Scott.

The poets and prose writers of the Elizabethan and Restoration periods raised the standard of literature to a very high degree of excellence. So much so that it might seem almost an impossibility for writers in succeeding ages to produce any work that would even attract public attention, much less compare with the writings of the littérateurs of these golden periods. However, the genius of man and the endowments of human reason can never die. Time and circumstances which bring them into play furnish only the contrasts by which their varying perfections are more distinctly marked. There can be no age without its men of letters, and this is notably true of our "enlightened" nineteenth century.

Among the great writers of modern times may be named Sir Walter Scott. He was born in the city of Edinburgh, on the 15th of August 1771. His parents were not of very high social rank, still in his veins ran some of the bluest blood of Scotland. From his earliest childhood he proved to be an almost insatiable reader, and his memory was of such extraordinary compass and retentiveness that he forgot very little of what he read.

He first attended a private school and afterwards the High School of Edinburgh, where, after graduating with honor, he was admitted to the University of Scotland. In 1796 he entered into a contract with his father, and on this account he was obliged to leave college.

His speedy abandonment of collegiate studies might lead one to think that Scott acquired but a slight portion of solid learning, but this would be far from the truth; for by his untiring efforts he became conversant with several of the modern languages, and after studying law in his father's office he was admitted to the bar in the year 1792, and met with fair success in the practice of his profession. In 1797 he married a lady by the name of Charletta Margaret Carpenter.

About this period he began to devote a great deal of his time to literature, and in 1796 appeared his first publication, a translation of the Burger Ballads, "The Lenoré" and "The Wild Huntsman." These were followed, in 1804, by the poem "Sir Justem." In the meantime Scott had been at work upon the poem "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and after its publication, in 1805, he became at once the most popular author of the day.

During the next few years Scott produced many other poems, among them "The Lady of the Lake," "The Vision of Dón Roderic," and several others; but soon the enthusiasm with which Scott's previous works were received began to abate, and thenceforward he published no more poetry.

After a short time, Scott published anonymously a series of novels. Among them "Rob Roy," "The Black Dwarf" and "The Talisman" which raised him to a still higher plane in the world of literature. In fact, the "Great Unknown," as he was called, became the idol of the hour. In 1820, to crown all distinction, a baronetcy was bestowed upon him as a special mark of royal favor.

The novels of Scott, in some measure, resemble the dramatic works of Shakspere; that is, they are pivoted on public rather than mere private interests. They do not represent any single character, but each one of his personages is typical of a certain class of individuals. It is for this reason that his books interest the old and young, the educated and the uneducated, the world of society and the recluse alike. The reader sees cavaliers and free-booters, Jews and Jacobites, all living the life which in their circumstances and under their condition seems most natural that they should.

There are few writers who could excel or even equal Scott in his description of characters. The ability with which he paints beggars and gypsies, farmers and peasants, and all of the lower, or at least the unfortunate class of the human race, is remarkable.

But Scott, when he had reached the summit of his glory, had a most sudden fall. The publishing firm of James Balentine, of which he was a member, failed, and thus he was rudely drawn from his high pinnacle of fame and honor to that of a bankrupt citizen. Scott, refusing to compromise in the usual way, assumed the debt of his creditors and said: "God granting me time and money, I will restore all." He then removed to a small house in Edinburgh, and there for two years his novels were issued in a continual stream. Among the many of his works was the "Life of Napoleon" in eight volumes.

The constant strain of so much work began to tell upon him, and in 1830 he was attacked by a stroke of paralysis which obliged him to discontinue his excessive labor. As the days went by, his physical condition became weaker and weaker, and on the 21st of September, 1832, he breathed his last.

J. J. D.

A Balloon Ascension.

One of the most pleasant as well as the most interesting incidents of my early youth was an aerial trip, which I made in company with my father. Although I was but nine years of age the remembrance of that trip, and the dear recollections attached to it, shall never fade.

It was during the spring of the year 188— that two noted aeronauts came to my native town, C——. The day after their arrival, the people were startled by the announcement of a proposed balloon ascension during the following week; furthermore, that whoever wished to join in the trip should notify the owners beforehand to make the necessary arrangements. The latter part of the announcement so pleased me that I began to think of making the trip myself; and as my father also was glad of such a rare opportunity, I very easily secured his consent. We immediately arranged with the owners and began to make the necessary preparations.

The day appointed for the balloon ascension gave all indications of being favorable to our trip. It was the first of May, the most delightful time for enjoying it; a time when all nature is clothed with the freshness and verdure of spring. The sky was cloudless. There was a gentle breeze from the south-east, a direction which was very opportune. Thousands of people, old and young, had at an early hour collected about the open space of ground whence the balloon was to rise. The owners were there charging it with gas, and making the immediate arrangements.

At nine o'clock, everything was announced to be ready. Thereupon the owners requested my father, myself, together with the mayor of the town, who had been kindly invited to join us, to enter the wicker-basket suspended beneath the balloon. The ropes that held the balloon to the ground were then unfastened, and slowly we began to rise. The people, with waving handkerchiefs, wished us a safe and pleasant voyage. We loudly cheered at first, but when we had risen over a hundred feet we soon discovered that our cheering could not be heard, so we partingly waved our hats to the people below us.

When we had reached a distance of several hundred feet, a grand sight presented itself to our view: the highest towers and buildings seemed mere playthings; the trees looked like tiny blades of grass, and the mill creek like a fine winding silver-thread. The noise and hum

of the people had long passed into utter silence. We had now reached a height of about a thousand feet, when a still grander spectacle appeared before our eyes. From the eastern to the western horizon threatening clouds began to rise. Seeing them so near, they appeared more like high mountains of snow of all forms and sizes. It seemed as if at the next moment they would fall upon us, and with their weight crush us to atoms.

But we rose higher and higher, and were soon above them when the clouds united beneath us. This completely shut out our view of the earth. Occasionally, we would behold below us, in the midst of the clouds, deep, bottomless pits, like the craters of volcanoes, illuminated by the glittering rays of the sun. Then, again, other clouds of dazzling whiteness, then dark and threatening, would heap themselves upon one another, thereby forming rocky crags and sharp-pointed peaks.

Never have I seen anything like it. Here above the clouds we began to experience a certain awe-inspiring feeling. One would imagine himself on his way to mysterious regions beyond. Nature here is silent and hushed. There is not a sound to disturb the awful quiet. Even the wind is not perceptible, since there is nothing to obstruct it, and wafted us along as easily and gently as a feather. At times our little basket, with its huge balloon, would turn about itself, like a bird rocking itself in the blue ether. As we were now drifting in a current of air which becomes the lighter the higher one ascends, we were several times obliged to throw overboard some of our ballast.

We had thus unobservedly passed into a veritable sea of clouds that surrounded us like a misty veil. Thus far we could behold the sun with his rays clothing the clouds with all the colors of the rainbow, now, however, when his glittering beams were obstructed and dimmed by this sea of clouds, it assumed the appearance of the moon, an illumination of singular effect. Finally, the clouds dividing themselves sailed separately across the blue sky.

I was now beginning to think that we had seen everything when the rest of the party called my attention to a singular sight: perched upon one of the highest clouds beyond we beheld the exact image of our balloon, but in gigantic proportions surrounded by various colors. For half an hour this spectral appearance floated along before our eyes. We had now sailed about nine hours, and, seeing that it began to grow obscure about us, we decided to return to the earth. The balloon began to fall slowly at

first, increasing, however, its velocity as we opened the valve and let some of the gas escape.

Suddenly we were enveloped in a dense fog, and when we had drifted through it, we again beheld our dear *terra firma* in all the splendor of the setting sun. Soon we could distinguish towers and buildings beneath us. Our balloon was descending rapidly gradually nearing the earth. We were afraid that it would carry us into the Ohio river, but luckily we managed to steer it to the sandy shore. We were already congratulating ourselves on the successful end of our trip when the balloon suddenly rose again and carried us about half a mile farther up the sloping bank into a wood, and so unexpectedly dashed into one of the trees that for a few minutes we were almost stunned by the shock.

I was attempting to crawl out of the basket when my father called to me not to stir because we sat in the top of a high oak tree, and would have been useless to reach the ground without aid. It was already growing dark and thus far all our plans had effected nothing.

After a short while we descried a military officer leisurely riding along the road that led through the woods. We shouted loudly at him, and when he discovered us in the tree he could not imagine how we had come there with the balloon. But we soon explained matters to him, asking him to help us as quickly as possible. This he promised to do, and riding to the nearest village he secured the assistance of several men, a wagon and a ladder.

After they returned to the spot they succeeded in a short time in extricating us from the tree. The balloon was then taken down, the remaining gas was allowed to escape and the empty cover packed into the wagon. We drove to the hotel in the village, where we had a supper set up for all. The next morning my father and I took the train for C—— where we arrived in good spirits greatly delighted with our undertaken balloon ascension.

J. SCHOPP, '94.

—The February *Wide Awake* comes promptly to hand with an exceedingly varied and entertaining list of contents suited to the ages and tastes of all classes of young people. And the older readers can well profit by the material the magazine offers. We wonder, for instance, if the parents of our boys and girls really know what an excellent and absorbing story Mrs. Maria McIntosh Cox is giving us in her serial "Jack Brereton's Three Months' Service"?

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—It is said that Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel has been "unprecedentedly successful." Nevertheless, we feel warranted in saying that her career in the field of literature has ingloriously terminated. "Daniel Grieve" is repulsive and indecent; but it is simply the application to everyday life of the irreligious theories so sanctimoniously advocated in "Robert Ellsmere." "Grieve" is but "Ellsmere" in real life—a man without any sense of moral responsibility, save that which the hardened, cowardly murderer may have, and which finds its expression in the apothegm: "If you are not caught, it's all right." It has often been regretted, for the good of society, that professors of religion gave such undue notoriety to "Robert Ellsmere"; but the day of retribution has come, and Mrs. Ward herself has, in her own way, presented a most powerful antidote to the poison of her anti-Christian theories.

—The January number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is, as usual with the issues of this excellent periodical, freighted with articles of timely interest and well calculated to instruct and entertain thoughtful readers. Among the papers there is one to which particular attention may be directed at present. It is a contribution upon the subject of "Secular Education" from the pen of the Rt. Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D. The learned prelate shows that many of the disputes on this important topic of the day are to be attributed to confounding the two terms *education* and *instruction*.

Education is defined as the "disciplining of the intellect hitherto untutored; the establishing of principles hitherto little known, unknown (or rather floating *in vacuo*); and the regulation of the sensibilities and moral affections hitherto sprouting forth in wild luxuriance."

This is very different from *instruction*, which is defined as "the imparting of a knowledge of

facts, mental, physical or moral, with the mode of using such knowledge for the greater advantage of the individual and the community."

The Right Rev. writer then says: "Instruction without education is not only not a *desiderandum* but an *abominandum*; not useless, but really pernicious, and that better would it be to impart no specific instruction whatever to the rising generation rather than that which has been so very appropriately named 'Godless education.'"

"Of all curses," says the Right Rev. writer, "one which is most bitter both to society and the individual, each affecting the other, is the attainment of extensive knowledge without acquiring at the same time firm moral principles and ability to control the passions and senses; and of this fact not only history but experience furnishes us with abundant proofs."

In conclusion the Right Rev. writer shows the gross injustice done not only to the Catholic citizens of the United States, but also to large numbers of the Lutherans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and members of other Protestant sects, by taxing them for the support of schools which inculcate principles and ideas antagonistic to the religious belief of these citizens. "For, however much we may differ as to modes of instruction or subjects to be pursued, there are but few God-fearing men in any sect who fail to perceive that co-equally with every advance in secular knowledge there should be a corresponding advance in the all-important knowledge of God, our duties to Him and to our fellowman."

The Minims' Entertainment.

Last Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock, St. Edward's Hall, the brightest and most beautiful department at Notre Dame, was made especially attractive to honor the occasion of the 78th anniversary of the beloved Founder's birthday. A select audience, including the venerable guest of the feast, the Very Reverend Father General Sorin, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Granger, Cooney, Franciscus, Scherer, Klein, Kirsch; Bro. Edward; Dr. Boyd Snee, of South Bend, a former Minim; the parents of the Minims, and others, gave unfeigned praise to the manner in which the Minims carried out the different parts of the programme. At the conclusion, Very Rev. Father General arose and, with his usual grace and energy of expression, thanked the Minims for the delightful entertainment. Alluding to the occasion of his

birthday, he said that when he was six months old his life was despaired of for some time, and now he asked them to pray that he may have no cause to regret that his life has been spared. His words touched every heart in the audience; who, if they were to give expression to their thoughts it would be to assure him that he would have no cause to regret that his glorious life, so blessed, so rich in great deeds for religion and education has been spared.

The Rev. President Walsh complimented the Minims on their efforts. He said that the music and elocution were highly creditable, and gave promise of their taking prominent parts in the entertainments when they pass into the other departments. In the name of all at Notre Dame he congratulated Father General on the happy anniversary and on his restoration to health, and hoped that he would long be spared to govern the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Rev. Father Cooney, in the course of his remarks, said the Minims, each and all, did themselves honor and performed their parts like little princes. He spoke of Very Rev. Father General's great work and of the monuments of his genius and zeal, which were to be seen on all sides. May Heaven spare the venerable Founder for many more years to Notre Dame and to the Order of Holy Cross!

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The Law.

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Without law, society would be a body without a soul: a *rudis indigestaque molis* without order. Left to themselves, and held together by no constraining power, men would be constantly arrayed in hostility against each other; and in such a contest it is easy to see that the strong man would always be in the right, and the weak man always in the wrong. But, happily for justice, physical force is not the arbiter of right and wrong; and neither can the vindication of the one nor the punishment of the other be left to the whims of the individual. Every nation, and every independent community, ordains laws and administers justice suitably to the genius and wants of its people; but the law, as such, and the aim and the end of the law are essentially the same everywhere.

Whether you call it Common Law, Civil Law, or Municipal Law, it is still "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right and prohibiting what is wrong"—in a republic as in a monarchy, in a democracy as in an empire. Indeed it matters little to the honest man under what

form of government he lives, for the law will protect him; while he who violates this "rule of civil conduct" will find as little mercy and as exacting justice in a republic as in a monarchy. "Give to every man what belongs to him": "Thou shalt do no wrong": says the divine law; and, under all its forms and modes, human law adopts and applies these eternal principles of justice and equity in enforcing the fulfilment of those social obligations which it had declared to be right, or in punishing the transgressor for the commission of those things which it had prohibited as wrong. In reality, this very "rule of civil conduct" is the Divine rule of man's conduct, modified and made applicable, so far as man can do so, to human acts, and to the reciprocal duties and obligations incident to our condition and relations in society. Says the divine law: "Owe no man anything." Says the human law: "Pay every man what you owe him." What is the difference? Man simply follows and obeys a divine model. In this, however, is the moral greatness, the stability and the power of all the laws which human wisdom enacts for the direction and government of mankind. The Creator is primarily the Author of all law; He made nothing independent of a law, and therefore subjection to a law of some name or kind is the normal condition of every created thing,—from man, created little below the angels, to the insect that dies after a day's existence; and from the sun, rolling in his noon-day majesty through the broad blue heavens, down to the little bee that banquets on the breath of the rose.

It follows, then, that the study and the knowledge of the law must be one of the highest, the noblest and the most intellectual pursuits in which the young man of education can engage. It is a fact worthy of remark that the truest patriots and the most distinguished men of all ages and countries have been skilled in the law; and history bears this honorable testimony that in the members of the legal profession popular liberty has ever found the boldest defenders, and despotism the most unflinching opponents. The heroes of Bunker Hill and of Yorktown simply exploded the mine which the eloquence and patriotism of Patrick Henry laid beneath the power of England in this country, and the memories of Curran, Grattan and O'Connell shall live in the hearts of Irishmen so long as history shall record the sufferings of the Irish people.

A good education should, therefore, include a training in the theory and fundamental principles of the science of the Law. J.

Exchanges.

—One of our most welcome visitors is *The Adelphian*, of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn. In typographical appearance it is superior to any of our other exchanges; and in the general excellence of its various departments it is inferior to very few of them.

—The *Doane Owl* contains a very well-written sketch of "The Shepherdess of the Vosges." The writer gives a very fair estimate of the character of Joan of Arc, and enthusiastically describes the stirring incidents of her life; but in ascribing the motive of her action, either wholly or in part, to the "superstitious religion of her time," makes a statement about which there is some diversity of opinion. It is possible that the writer in the *Doane Owl* has not made a very careful study of the religion of the fifteenth century, and has accepted, without questioning them, the conclusions of prejudiced historians.

—The first number of the *Abbey Student* reflects credit on its young editors. Though many of the articles to which space has been given are marked neither by great beauty of style nor maturity of thought, it must be borne in mind that the *Abbey Student* pretends to be, and actually is, a boys' paper, and hence allowance must be made for a distinctively youthful selection of subjects and a somewhat inexperienced manner of dealing with them. From the zeal with which its editors have undertaken their work, and their expressed determination to improve the tone and matter of their journal, we predict no small measure of success for the *Abbey Student*.

—In the *Purdue Exponent* of Jan. 27 appears a paper on "Popularity *versus* Character." The paper in question was called forth by a debate, "Resolved, That Popularity is the True Index of Character," and the writer, in his objection to the affirmative decision rendered by the judges, takes a narrow and, in our opinion, unwarranted stand. After lauding the desirability of popularity, he says, with a degree of emphasis quite incomprehensible to the ordinary reader: "Let us stop before we reach the ultimatum of this question and begin to cultivate popularity for the greater and better character it will give us." No one with a grain of common sense ever imagined that a man's character is dependent on the popularity which he has attained. On the other hand, it is incontestably true that the only popularity which is desirable is the natural

and legitimate outgrowth of moral sturdiness and mental firmness—qualities which never fail to attract the respect and admiration of one's fellows. We agree, however, with the writer in the *Exponent* in his statement that popularity with the masses is unstable, and not always the result of honesty of purpose and nobleness of life; but we hold that such popularity is not a greatly "desired thing in the life of every person," and that the question debated should not be confined to its narrow limits.

—"Is it Wise to go to College?" is a question discussed with great ability in the last issue of the *Phoenixian*, and the writer decides—to the satisfaction of all his readers, we hope,—that a college education, though its acquisition delays for a time a young man's start in life, is eminently desirable. In arriving at this conclusion the writer makes assumptions that all will cheerfully grant. He says:

"I have assumed, in urging reasons why our youth should attend college, that they go for the purpose of being educated in the widest and best sense. I have assumed that while they are widening their sails, they are also increasing their ballast; that while they are accelerating the speed of their train, they are also guarding the track on which it runs; that while they are grinding their sword, they are learning to steady their nerves to use it. In other words, I have assumed that their education is to go on symmetrically, and that while they are increasing their intellectual power, they correspondingly increase their moral and spiritual power. Better no sails at all than wide sails and no ballast. Better no speed at all than high speed on a defective track. Better no sword at all than a sharp sword with untrained nerves. And I say, with tremendous emphasis, better no education at all than culture of the intellect without culture of the conscience. A conscientious idiot is worth more to the world than an intelligent knave. The conscientious idiot, at worst, is only zero, while the intelligent knave is always a negative quantity, and worse than nothing at all. It were better for our youth to remain in perpetual ignorance than to go to college to be only half educated; that is to be given power, but to cultivate a disposition to use it to the harm of others."

This is certainly a plain statement of the necessity of moral culture co-ordinately with mental training. An education which pretends to give the latter without heeding the former, or which leaves the student wholly to the guidance of natural probity with no high religious motives to direct his conduct throughout life, is *not* desirable.

A Beautiful Picture.

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART AT NOTRE DAME.

The Catholic students of Brownson Hall, I am sure, will be willing to join with me in giving, through the SCHOLASTIC, public appreciation of the beautiful picture of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus" lately secured by our zealous Prefect, Brother Hilarion, through the gener-

osity of Mr. Thomas Quinlan, of Chicago, who is a student at Notre Dame.

The picture measures 40 by 30 inches, and is a handsome steel engraving framed with exquisite taste, making another beautiful ornament for the study-hall.

On the first Friday of each month, which the Church dedicates to the Sacred Heart, this elegant picture is placed on a simple, plain pedestal in front of a statue of Our Lady, that stands at one end of the study-hall, with several lighted candles kept burning during this special day of devotion. The object of this is chiefly to remind Catholic students on that day of their duty and obligations to the League of the Sacred Heart to which they have affiliated themselves. This beautiful devotion, as is made known by good authority, is increasing rapidly in the Church.

The Holy League is an organization specially blessed by His Holiness Leo XIII., to preserve devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is an efficacious means in particular of propagating the knowledge and, what is more, the practice of that devotion amongst all classes, rich and poor. All priests, whose hearts have been touched by the appeal which our Lord made to the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, and who have zeal for the spread of this devotion, will but too surely recognize the truth that, from want of organization, the love of the Sacred Heart is but little thought of, except by those who have leisure and inclination to cultivate a more than ordinary piety.

It is of this association that Leo XIII. has said: "It is so beautiful, and unites such extreme fruitfulness with such simplicity, as to merit assuredly all the encouragement which ecclesiastical authority can give." It appeals to all Catholics, however little time they may have for devotion. The only obligation imposed upon the members is to make, at their morning prayers, an offering of the prayers, works and sufferings of the day for the intentions of the Heart of Jesus. This is indulged, and may be made in any words, or even in thought only.

The means of propagation is simple and effective. From amongst the associates the Director selects those who show any dispositions of real devotedness, and after six months' trial, he obtains for them from the Central Director diplomas as Promoters of the Holy League. These diplomas are enriched by the Holy Father with, besides others, twenty-six plenary indulgences every year; and those who are thus furnished have power to aggregate all whom their zeal may induce to join the Holy League, giving the certificates of admission, which are also obtained from the Central Director, and enrolling the names in the local register.

The promoters are usually those who are foremost in the good works of the locality; and they use their opportunities for spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart among those who

are engaged in them. The promoters among the students at Notre Dame are Messrs. E. Ahlrichs, Michael Ryan, Joseph Kearney, T. Quinlan and Richard Delaney.

At six o'clock a. m., on the first Friday of each month, the Catholic students, having gone to confession the evening before, take their ranks from the study-halls, and, with the badge of the Sacred Heart worn conspicuously, proceed to the Church. Here the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated, during which hymns are sung by the choir. At the time for Communion the Prefect gives notice to the front seats, and then the students in regular order, one seat after another, move forward to the altar rails, receive the Most Holy Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist and return to their former places. After Mass an appropriate instruction is given by the celebrant. Altogether, the service on such a morning lasts about an hour. When all is over, the Prefect takes the lead, followed by the body of students, marching two by two back to the study-halls. Such is the manner in which the beautiful devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart is carried on at Notre Dame.

RICHARD DELANEY, '94.

Obituary.

It is with pain that we learn of the sad death of WALTER ALLEN, which occurred at his home in Cleburne, Texas, on the eleventh of last month. Walter was a student here during the years of '87-'88 and '88-'89, and is still remembered well by those who were his classmates during those years. The circumstances of his death were peculiarly distressing. He had successfully resisted a most severe attack of the grippe, when a relapse suddenly overtook him and put an end to a career of much promise. A maturity of thought and steadiness of purpose, unusual in one of his years, marked his character and justified the trust felt by those to whom he was most dear that his would be a life of usefulness, and a source of joy and comfort to them. He was of the number who realizes the stern duties that life lays upon us; and at the time of his death he was earnestly striving to fit himself for the faithful discharge of such duties as would fall to his lot. He had not been reared in our faith. His nature, however, was open to every influence that was good; and during the two years of his stay at Notre Dame he grew to love much that he saw in the religion around him, and to appreciate the powerful influences for good with which it surrounds its youth. When before his death his thoughts turned to those he was leaving, he asked from his father the promise that his younger brother should receive his education at a Catholic College. May the Lord grant consolation to those left behind, and eternal rest to the departed.

Local Items.

—Ah, there!

—Snow again!

—*Magister dixit.*

—More “beautiful”!

—Alderman would make a good ghost.

—“Shakspere’s ‘Julius Cæsar’ is much better as —’s.”

—The Badin Observatory is fast approaching completion.

—The Thespians are preparing for Washington’s Birthday.

—Hank has the Kangaroo dance approximately perfect.

—The Cecilians’ hopes for that festive sleigh ride have revived.

—Why did not the Brownson committee secure rec.? Yes, why?

—Beware of the arrival of the robins; they bring the spring fever.

—The last advocate of finger bowls has retired from the field in disgust.

—Bennie has his mob down fine—so far down that they’re “out of sight.”

—The gymnastic classes have started, and the new gym is in full blast.

—The reading-room of the Library is a favorite resort these dreary days.

—To-morrow is St. Valentine’s day. The mails will, of course, be watched for *gush*.

—A grand concert by the band is among the good things promised for the near future.

—Case has discontinued active training for the present, on account of a severe sprain.

—“If the men-of-war are taken to Chili on boats it will save lots of time and trouble.”

—Venus and Jupiter—so the astronomers call them—are greatly admired by the *staring* crowd.

—Critics, restrain you vim; our poet fears that his end will be like unto that of Keats’—Ah, there!

—Casty, an authority on Geology, asserts that coffee, as we get it, is a *preserve* since it is *canned*.

—Horace’s celebrated stanza is receiving due consideration from the “Allkick” (Alcaic) “Sophs.”

—Dame Rumor has it that the Law Society intend to favor us with a public debate in the “soon future.”

—We hear that the Lecture Committee intends to give us a pleasant “s’prise” pretty soon. We are ready for them.

—Boozyriss says that if caught in a thallophyte a man may be arrested, but can be liberated on a writ of protoplasm.

—B. Liborius is erecting a large number of

glass cases for the increasing treasures of the historical department.

—“Waltah” intends to take part in the coming dramatic feast. If he should fall, it would doubtless be a heavy roll.

—The band, it is said, is increasing in numbers as well as proficiency. Let the good work go on; the more, the merrier.

—The Orator of the day for the 22d is Mr. J. J. Fitzgibbon, ’92. This is in itself sufficient guarantee for a good speech.

—The otherwise Alderman joketh thus: Why is a dude like an old proverb? Because he is often *coated*. Ha! ha!! ha!!!

—The genial and efficient Carroll gym faculty donned nothing less than a rattlesnake necktie last week. Of course its a rattler.

—The Camera Club has been augmented by the entrance of Hank and Josh, Sport and Smiler into the realm of photography.

—The excavations for the new M. L. S. have been delayed by stress of weather. Perhaps they, too, like the telescope, are “on the road.”

—The Carrolls contemplate securing, with the help of their numerous friends, a statue of the Sacred Heart to be placed at the head of the aisle in the north end of their study-hall.

—The Carroll gym faculty is ably assisted in his arduous duties by Mr. W. Gerlach, of Portsmouth, Ohio, in whom he reposes the utmost confidence, and has entrusted him with the key of box No. 2. No bonds were required.

—Mr. Mayer, of A. G. Spalding & Bros., Chicago, was here during the week supervising and placing the new gymnasium apparatus in position. Everyone who has seen the gym declare the appointments perfect. Classes will be formed this week by Prof. Koenig.

—The much talked-of new military company is a thing of the present. It is called the “Corby Drill Corps.” The officers, so far appointed, are E. Roby, Captain; J. Henly, 1st Lieutenant; M. Hannin, 2d Lieutenant. It consists of 48 men from Sorin and Brownson Halls. Its drill hours are from 10-11 on Sundays, and from 9-10 on Thursdays.

—Last Saturday, being the Very Rev. Father General’s birthday, a delegation of Sorin Hall students went to pay their respects to the venerable Founder and congratulate him upon the happy anniversary. Mr. Sinnott delivered an excellent speech of congratulation, and after receiving Father General’s thanks the delegation withdrew.

—The boys of Sorin Hall enjoyed quite a musical treat last Thursday. Mr. Hennessey, the wonderful organ baritone, favored them with several of his best songs. He was accompanied on the guitar by Mr. Harris, whose reputation as a performer on that instrument needs no comment. After this the dance orchestra appeared on the scene, and the boys tripped the l. f. t. for the rest of the afternoon.

—Bro. Charles has finished the plans for the completion of the steeple on our college church. The bell, which is the largest in America, since the one in Montreal has to be recast, will have to be taken out and put into a belfry made especially for it. It will be surmounted with a fine gilt cross. This will add greatly to the view of Notre Dame, especially from the distance. The slating also will form a cross. The cost is estimated at \$10,000.

—Our young friend Hugh O'Neill has been highly praised in the British Isles for that article of his on "Parnell" which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC issue of Oct. 24, 1891. Eminent men—McCarthyites, Parnellites and Liberals—have shown their appreciation of the talents of the young writer by pronouncing it a very fair estimate of the character of Ireland's departed leader. *The Weekly Examiner*, one of the best papers in Ireland, and *The Belfast Morning News*, the second best daily paper in Ireland, some time ago gave pen sketches of O'Neill from which we learn that his father, Hugh O'Neill Esq., was one of the leading Ulster patriots under O'Connell, and that he is still in the front ranks of the nationalists; that Mr. Louis Smith, uncle of O'Neill, of Notre Dame, was the first prominent Ulster man, and one of the first Irishmen to give his adhesion to Michael Davitt in the founding of the "Land League Organization."

—The second regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association for 1892 was called to order Wednesday, February 10. After the roll had been called and a few other matters settled, the Rev. President called on 1st Vice-President Carney to preside. Then followed the regular exercises of the evening. J. Tong read a well-written criticism of the first regular meeting, followed by J. Dempsey who read a piece entitled "The Gottingen Barber," which set the society in a roar. A declamation by Mr. J. Rend failed to materialize, and, after a fierce discussion, was left over till the next regular meeting. A declamation entitled "Aint he Cute?" by O. DuBrul, occasioned a great deal of merriment; this was followed by an amusing reading by Mr. D. Casey, whose well-known and attractive style captivated his hearers. Mr. A. Shimp was elected to membership. The debate, "Resolved, That the introduction of machinery was not beneficial to the workingman," excited the members to a discussion about "self-binders" and "sowing-machines." As nothing could be gained by arguing on these two machines, on motion the meeting adjourned.

—LAW.—The Law Debating Society met under favorable auspices on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. As Prof. W. Hoynes was called to Chicago on important business, the chairmanship devolved on L. P. Chute, 1st Vice-President of the society. The feature of the evening was a debate, participated in by F. H. Kleekamp for the affirmative, and C. W. Browne and M. P. McFadden for the negative. The subject was:

"Resolved, That the commercial interests of the world would be promoted by the construction of the Nicaragua canal." Mr. Kleekamp was at his best, and, in clear and eloquent terms, expressed himself as an unqualified advocate of the project; Messrs. Browne and McFadden in equally fluent words opposed it, contending that it is an undertaking beyond the bounds of practicability. The decision as to the merits of the debate was left to the society; but the arguments were apparently so evenly balanced that the members were loath, at first, to express themselves; a division of the house being called for, an exact count showed a small majority in favor of the negative; Mr. Kleekamp, however, was at some disadvantage in being compelled to hold the field for the affirmative alone. After the regular debate, on motion of Mr. H. O'Neill, a free-for-all discussion on the question, "Should judges hold their office for life on good behavior," was entered upon. On this subject a number of members spoke extemporaneously.

N. B.—In the last report of the Moot-Court a mistake was made in announcing that Mr. J. Cassidy acted as attorney for the plaintiff; he pleaded the cause of the defendant and won the suit.

—MOCK CONGRESS.—The St. Aloysius' Philodemic Mock Congress held its 9th regular meeting Sunday evening, Feb. 6, Speaker N. Sinnott in the chair. The committee on Ways and Means approved House Bill No. 8, which was accordingly read and placed before the members for discussion: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, that the presidential term of office be increased to six years, and that no one filling that office will be eligible for a second term." The Hon. E. DuBrul, of Ohio (Rep.), as framer of the bill, opened the debate with an eloquent speech that showed much research and careful study. He argued especially against political corruption, and closed by saying: "And you, gentlemen, by passing this bill, will strike the first blow towards driving this wedge into the mass of corruption called politics." The Hon. J. Fitzgerald, of Iowa (Dem.), then took the floor in opposition both to the bill and the arguments advanced by the first speaker. Among the Republicans who opposed the bill were the Hon. R. Sinnott, of Oregon, and L. Whelan, of Ind. The latter gentleman has a very pleasing delivery, and knows how to develop his ideas to the best advantage. The Hon. A. Ahlrichs, of Ala. (Dem.), and J. Doheny, of Ill. (Dem.), both spoke in opposition to such a change as that advocated. At length the bill was objected to as unconstitutional, and the Hon. E. DuBrul gladly withdrew it. A new bill was introduced by Hon. A. Ahlrichs, providing for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to the effect that after Jan. 1, 1893, all senators shall be elected by the direct vote of each state. It was given to a special committee for consideration at the next meeting.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Combe, Carney, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rother, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherer, E. Scherer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Burns, V. Brennan, J. Brady, E. W. Brown, T. Brady, Beaudry, Brinen, E. J. Brown, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, Crawley, Cassidy, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, Cherhart, Case, Colby, Carrey, Doyle, Delaney, Devanny, Damsky, Egan, Funke, Flynn, Foley, Flannigan, Fardy, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Henly, Houlihan, Heer, Hagan, Hennessy, Jacobs, Jewett, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Lindeke, Layton, Ludlow, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, McVean, McErlain, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, Marmon, Maynes, Maisen, Mulcahey, Mooney, O'Connor, Olde, O'Shea, Palmer, Pulskamp, Powers, D. Phillips, T. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan, Sherman, Schilo, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Thome, Vinez, Vurpillat, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, G. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Burkart, Bearss, Casey, Corry, Connell, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Dion, Dix, DuBois, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delaney, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Edwards, Feehan, Fleming, Falk, A. Funké, G. Funke, S. Ford, W. Ford, Foster, Fitzgerald, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Gerner, Gerdes, Glass, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson, Kreicker, Kinneavy, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Mahon, McPhee, McDowell, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Olivér, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rogers, Rattermann, Renesch, Rumely, H. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Stern, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Stephens, Shirk, Smith, Thornton, J. Tong, Thome, Tallon, Teeters, Thorn, Trimble, Tobin, Todd, Vorhang, Washburne, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wagner, Warner, J. White, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, O. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Crandall, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, W. Durand, B. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fuller, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthman, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Hoffman, Lonergan, Howard, Holbrook, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Jonquet, King, Kinney, Kuehl, Krollman, Kern, Keeler, E. LaMoure, Lysle, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Loughran, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGinley, McAlister, Maternes, Morrison, F. Morris, R. Morris, Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, O'Brien, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pursell, Platts, Pratt, Rose, Repscher, W. Scherer, Smith, Swan, Stuckhart, F. Trankle, L. Trankle, Tussner, Trujillo, Weber, Wilcox, White, Wolf,

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Adoration Sunday, February 7, found many earnest worshippers around the altar throne of Him "whose delight is to be with the children of men." There the whispered words of prayer, asking blessings for loved parents and friends, alone broke the silence of the sanctuary, telling of the soul's sweet converse with God.

—The Rev. Chaplain presided at the usual Sunday meeting for the reading of the weekly averages in lessons, and addressed some words of practical advice to the young ladies. It was pleasant to note the high averages reached by many of the pupils, showing that they have begun in earnest the work of the new session. An essay was read by Miss K. Morse, after which the meeting adjourned.

—The result of the semi-annual examinations, which took place on the closing days of January, was, on the whole, satisfactory, and served to show what industry and perseverance can accomplish in the way of lessening that darkness of the understanding—one of the primal legacies of the race. To the successful ones in the late ordeal, congratulations are extended; while to those who, perhaps, did not prove themselves ornaments of their respective classes, be it said that "it is never too late to be what we might have been."

—At the close of the examinations the following pupils, showing marked proficiency in their several classes, were judged worthy of promotion: from the Second to First Junior class, Lee Tilden, Mary McCormack, Grace Crandall and Cora Wheeler; from the Junior to the Second Preparatory class, Maude Nacey and Georgie White; from the Second to the First Preparatory, Catherine Jacobs. In the Art Department, promoted to first drawing class, Misses Kimmell and Clifford; to Second class water-colors, M. Fitzpatrick; to second class oil-painting, M. Plato.

—The session's work of the Art Department, in the shape of pencilings and studies in water-colors and oil, was on exhibition in the Studio on the evening of Thursday the 4th. The walls of the brilliantly-lighted room were hidden by various specimens of skill in the use of pencil and brush, from the first tremulous lines of the beginner to the firm but graceful curves of the more advanced student. The time and care given to learning thoroughly the first principles of art had here its own reward, for the exhibit was highly creditable. Among the many that attracted attention was a pencil study of shells, requiring for its perfection of finish, two hours of daily labor for a period of four months. Prominent among the oil-paintings was a fruit

piece, representing peaches tempting in their downy ripeness, while two panels displayed the glowing colors of autumn leaves. Daisies, white and yellow, contrasted well with their dark background, and the entire exhibit proves that in the studio, thorough work is being quietly done, which, when occasion offers, speaks for itself.

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The Entertainment.

The annual *soirée* exercises, which took place on the afternoon of February 4, were made doubly enjoyable by the presence of Very Rev. Father General, for the restoration of whose health so many fervent prayers have been daily offered. The entrance of the venerable guest was a signal for the expression of hearty words of welcome; though the genuine pleasure that shone in every face needed no words to interpret it. His presence acted as a stimulus for each performer to do her best, resulting in the excellent rendition of the following:

PROGRAMME:

Chorus, "God is Great"—from "The Creation"— <i>Haydn</i>	
Vocal Class—Accompanied by Miss Ludwig.	
"Souhaits d'anniversaire".....	Miss E. Dennison
Harp Solo—"Liebesträumen".....	<i>Liszt-Schumacher</i>
	Miss E. Nester.
Recitation—"St. Agnes".....	Miss L. Farwell
Vocal Solo—"Che Gioga".....	<i>T. Mattei</i>
	Miss Bassett—Accompanied by Miss Gibbons.
"Kriegslied".....	Miss L. Nickel
"Concerto in G. Moll".....	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Miss E. Nester.
"Tarcisius, ou le jeune Martyr".....	Miss Bero
"Miserere"—from "Trovatore".....	<i>Verdi</i>
Misses S. Wile, Bassett, Kemme, Carpenter, Kiernan, Smyth, Dieffenbacher, Gibbons, Grace, Hutchinson, Klingberg—Acc'd by Miss Ludwig.	
Essay—"Learning but an Adjunct to One's Self"....	Miss K. Morse.
Fantasia, "Robert" (left hand only), <i>Meyerbeer-Fumegilli</i>	
	Miss S. Ludwig.
Vocal Solo—"Deh Torna a Mio Benne" (Air and Variation)— <i>H. Proch</i> —Miss Wile.	
"Tarentelle"-(<i>Barnekow</i>).....	Miss C. Gibbons
Violin Solo—(<i>De Beriot</i>).....	Miss G. Bogart
"Gypsy Life"—(<i>Schumann</i>).....	Vocal Class

The essays, addresses and recitations were well and gracefully presented, while the vocal and instrumental numbers were exceptionally fine. The musical selections served as tests of the talent and ability of the performers; and that they were not found wanting was evident from the commendations of competent critics. The "Gypsy Chorus" was a novel feature of the entertainment, the members of the vocal class wearing the gay and fanciful costumes of gypsies, the whole producing a unique and picturesque effect. The closing remarks were made by Rev. Father Walsh, C.S.C., in the usual happy manner characteristic of that reverend speaker. The clergymen in attendance were Rev. Fathers Walsh, Franciscus, Cooney, French, O'Neill and Scherer, together with Professors M. F. Egan, Liscombe, Zahm, Ewing, Neil and McCue.

Education but an Adjunct to One's Self.

In order that a diamond may reveal all its latent fire and brilliancy, it must pass through the hands of a skilful lapidary, under whose magic touch its myriad beauties are brought forth. So man's character must be developed and polished by education before its true worth is discovered. And just as careful cutting enhances the value of the precious gem, so high culture adds to the dignity of the man, and raises him above the common throng; for, "knowledge is power," and power commands. Our education is that wealth of which no man can deprive us. Money, social position, even friends, may be lost to us, but once our intellectual capacities are developed we are, in a measure, independent of the accidents of surroundings.

The effects of learning may be traced in the annals of all times, from the age of Pericles down to the present era of enlightenment. Wherever education is a matter of importance, there "progress" is the watchword. And this progress implies more than a mere mental cultivation; for, when the mind of man approaches a nearer understanding of nature's great laws, his soul is brought into closer contact with God, the Author of all knowledge.

However, learning and wisdom are not always synonymous terms, and a person may become versed in all the lore of past ages, and yet be far from wise. Proofs of this may be found in the records of learned men—men whose every energy was devoted to the acquirement of knowledge, and yet who were wofully ignorant of the simplest problems in practical life. Again, learning does not always imply virtue, as is sadly exemplified in the history of eras celebrated for their progress in the arts and sciences.

Let us retrace our steps on Time's highway, seeking the walks of sunny France, until we pause before the scene presented toward the close of the 17th century, when the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. was astonishing the world with its magnificence. Lamartine has aptly described the court of the "grand monarch" as a sort of Olympus of which Louis XIV. was the reigning Jupiter, deified by the adulation of his nobles and the superstition of the people. The names of such men as Racine, Fénelon, Pascal and Descartes gave lustre to that age of learning, while the grand salons of the famous women of that day, renowned for their wit and talents, were the centres of those splendid assemblies of diplomats, statesmen and authors, whose erudition reflected honor on their country and their age. But beneath all this splendor existed an inner life, corrupt and depraved; a kingdom of vice flourished in the midst of that modern Olympus, where the regal Jupiter himself was no exception. The mental endowments, the magic of genius displayed, the intellectual

heights attained in that epoch, but make us realize more clearly the contrast afforded, when we look into the base actions which had the sanction of educated minds.

We read with delight the poems of Goldsmith in all their crystalline purity; we feel the spell of Scotland's beloved poet, Robert Burns; our hearts sing the music of Shelley's words; and yet what a discord is there not between their writings and the life of folly they led! What was education to Voltaire, the stinging satirist and bitter infidel of France, but a source of venom wherewith to poison his barbs?

As summer would not be summer without the joyful song of birds and scent of flowers, neither would a man deserve the title, although endowed with great talents improved by education, if not possessed of a loyal heart from which rise pure songs of love of God, and blossoms fragrant with true charity toward all men. Many noble heroes have won their imperishable laurels of fame, not from the erudition they displayed, but from the loftiness of their sentiments and their generosity of heart. In the history of our own country we have an illustration of this untaught nobility of character in the life of Abraham Lincoln. To quote his own words is sufficient proof that his knowledge of books and the world was indeed limited. "Of course," he said, "when I came of age, I did not know much, still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the 'Rule of Three,' but that was all. I have not been to school since." But he knew men's hearts by that knowledge which comes from an intuitive sympathy and a magnanimous soul, and which gave him a right to manhood's title; for, despite humble origin and meagre attainments in learning, "The man is a man for a that."

Although but an adjunct to one's self, education is a noble factor in the foundation of our lives, and an aid by no means to be despised. It is a source of strength in our daily combats; for evil tendencies are far more easily overcome, if the mind is trained to habits of discipline by mental cultivation.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing" is certainly true of science; for when pursued without the light of faith it sometimes leads away from God. But it is also true that many lose the right path because they will not see. They are like those who hold a screen before their eyes, and then declare there is no sun, although its life-giving beams are flooding all around with effulgence, and without which they would no longer be able to see even the insignificant object that obstructs their vision. It is a little screen of false philosophy which these skeptics hold between their limited intelligence and the glorious Sun of truth, as they declare there is no God, although the beams of His Divine Providence are illuminating all around them, and by whose beneficence alone are they able to use the faculties which they employ as weapons of unbelief.

The parable of the talents teaches us that our gifts are to be used, and multiplied, if possible, but always as a means to an end; and that should be to perfect the image of God in our souls, and to offer Him the homage of our whole being.

The beautiful picture we have often contemplated in dwelling upon the life of our Lord, the Child Jesus in the temple, should be a source of wisdom to us; for it was of His Father's kingdom He taught the Doctors of the old law. He chose twelve poor, illiterate fishermen as His immediate followers; and into their timid hearts the Holy Spirit infused that knowledge which surpassed the learning of Rome, and which has out-lived the proudest dynasties. This Spirit of wisdom and understanding it is which makes us realize that the increase of knowledge, merely as such, is of no value in the eyes of Omniscience, but that, rightly employed, learning may be made a helpful adjunct in the accomplishment of our vocation—a vocation which demands our faithful co-operation; for, as Ruskin has beautifully said, "All are to be men of genius in their degree; rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clear and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown—conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on to eternity."

KATHERINE M. MORSE.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, K. Barry, Buell, Black, Byers, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, L. Clifford, D. Davis, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, Dennison, Field, L. Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gibbons, Goge, Hellmann, L. Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Kemme, Kelly, Kieffer, Kauffmann, Kingsbaker, T. Kimmell, Kiernan, Kinney, Lynch, Ludwig, Londoner, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, Maxon, L. Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, M. Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Robinson, M. Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Rothschild, M. Smyth, A. Smyth, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Singler, Tod, Van Mourick, G. Winstanley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Whitney, Wolverton, Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, H. Girsch, McKenna, McCormack, A. McCarthy, Murray, Palmer, Wormer.